

The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

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SATURDAY, JULY 8, 1871.

PRICE { 4d. Unstamped.
5d. Stamped.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—THIS DAY.—GRAND SUMMER CONCERT.—Recital of Mozart's "DON GIOVANNI." Mdlle. Tiejens, Mdlle. Ilma di Murska, Madame Trebelli-Bettini, Signori Agnesi, Mendioroz, Casaboni, Foll, Viziani, and the Chorus of Her Majesty's Opera, Drury-Lane. The band will be largely increased on this occasion. Conductor, Mr. MANNS.
Admission, Five Shillings; or by tickets purchased This Day, Half-a-Crown; or by Guinea Season Tickets. Stalls Five Shillings and Half-a-Crown.

HER MAJESTY'S OPERA, DRURY LANE.

EXTRA NIGHT.

This Evening (Saturday), July 8 (for the last time but one this season), Bellini's Opera, "LA SONNAMBULA." Elvino, M. Capoui; Il Conte Rodolfo, Signor Agnesi; Un Notaro, Signor Rinaldini; Alessio, Signor Casaboni; Lisa, Mdlle. Bauermeister; Teresa, Mdlle. Cruise; and Amina, Mdlle. Ilma di Murska. To conclude with the new Ballet, in one act, composed by Mdlle. Katti Lanner, entitled "LA ROSE DE SEVILLE." Characters by Mdlle. Katti Lanner, Mdlle. Berta Linda, Mdlle. Schultz, MM. Alberti, Waldenberg, Francesco, Corelli, Rubi, and Mdlle. Bianche Riccio; supported by the corps de ballet.

NEXT WEEK.—EXTRA NIGHT.

THIRTEENTH APPEARANCE OF MDLLE. MARIE MARIMON.

Monday Next, July 10, Donizetti's Opera, "LA FIGLIA DEL REGGIMENTO." Tonio, Signor Fancelli; Sergente Sulpizio, Signor Agnesi; Caporale, Signor Casaboni; Ortensio, Signor Rocca; La Marchesa, Mdlle. Bauermeister; and Maria, Mdlle. Marie Marimon. After which the First Act of the new Ballet, Hinka. Principal dancers: Mdlle. Katti Lanner, Mdlle. Berta Linda; MM. Rubi, Francesco, Waldenberg, Corelli; supported by the corps de ballet.

FIRST APPEARANCE OF SIGNOR PRUDENZA.—FIRST APPEARANCE OF SIGNOR BIGNIO.

Tuesday Next, July 11, Donizetti's opera, "LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR." Edgardo, Signor Prudenza (his first appearance in England); Enrico Aston, Signor Bignio (his first appearance in England); Arturo, Signor Rinaldini; Normanno, Signor Casaboni; Raimondo, Signor Foll; Alisa, Mdlle. Bauermeister; and Lucia Mdlle. Ilma di Murska. To conclude with the new Ballet, in one act, entitled "LA ROSE DE SEVILLE."

Director of the Music and Conductor, Sir Michael Costa.
The doors will open at Eight o'clock, and the Opera will commence at half-past 8. Stalls, 21s.; Dress Circle, 10s. 6d.; Amphitheatre stalls, 7s. and 5s.; Gallery, 2s. Boxes, stalls, and tickets may be obtained of Mr. Bailey, at Her Majesty's Opera Box-office, Drury Lane, open daily from 10 till 5; also of the principal Librarians and Musicians.

Saturday, July 15, Grand Opera Concert and Afternoon Promenade at the Royal Albert Hall, the Horticultural Gardens, and the International Exhibition. Special Fete.

Wednesday, July 19th, under the immediate patronage of their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales. Mr. Mapleson's Benefit at the Crystal Palace. Grand combined Day and Night Fete.

THURSDAY NEXT.

MRS. SCOTT SIDDONS will make her **FIRST APPEARANCE** in England, since her return from America, at **ST. JAMES'S HALL** on **THURSDAY MORNING, July 13**, on which occasion she will give her celebrated **READING OF SHAKESPEARE'S A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM**, accompanied with the whole of the incidental Music by Mendelssohn, to be performed by full Orchestra selected from the Royal Italian Opera, Her Majesty's Opera, the Philharmonic Societies and Orchestral Union Bands, and an efficient Chorus of ladies. Principal vocalists: Miss Sinclair and Miss Elena Angelo. Director and conductor—Mr. F. Kingsbury. Stalls, 10s. 6d.; reserved seats, 7s. 6d.; balcony, 3s.; back balcony and area, 2s.; admission, 1s. Tickets at Mitchell's Royal Library, Old Bond Street; at the principal libraries and music-sellers; Keith and Prowse's, Cheap-side; Alfred Hays's, Royal Exchange; Nimmo's, 3, Wigmore Street; and at Austin's Ticket Office, Regent Street and Piccadilly, St. James's Hall.

LONDON INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION of 1871.
The GENERAL PUBLIC are admitted EVERY WEEK DAY EXCEPT WEDNESDAY, from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m., on payment of ONE SHILLING. On WEDNESDAYS the price is HALF-A-CROWN.

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The BAND of the "GARDE REPUBLICAINE," sent expressly from Versailles by the French Government, for a short period only, performs daily, at 3.30 p.m.

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His Royal Highness the Duke of CAMBRIDGE.

President—The Earl of DUDLEY.
Principal—Sir W. STERNDAL BENNETT, M.A., D.C.L.

The PUBLIC CONCERT of this Institution will take place at the HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS, on SATURDAY, the 22nd inst., commencing at Two o'clock.

There will be a complete Orchestra and Chorus, formed by the Professors and the Late and Present Students of the Academy.

Conductor—MR. JOHN HULLAH.

Single Tickets, 5s.; Family Tickets to admit Four Persons, 16s.; to be had at the Music-sellers; at the Hanover Square Rooms; and at the Academy, 4, Tenterden Street, Hanover Square.

By order, JOHN GILL, Secretary.

THIS DAY.

MR. G. W. HAMMOND'S MORNING CONCERT, QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, Hanover Square, THIS DAY, Saturday, July 8th, to commence at Half-past Twelve o'clock. Vocalists—The Misses Ferrari, Madame Gilbert, and Mr. Frank Holmes. Instrumentalists—Messrs. W. H. Holmes, Henry Holmes, Folkes, Burnett, Pettit, Reynolds, and G. W. Hammond. Conductors—Messrs. CHARLES GARDNER and ALFRED GILBERT. Tickets to be had of Mr. G. W. Hammond, 11, St. Leonard's Gardens, W.

MOZART AND BEETHOVEN SOCIETY.—President—The Right Hon. the Earl VANE. Director—Herr SCHUBERTH. SEASON 1871. The CONCERT will take place at ST. GEORGE'S HALL, on TUESDAY NEXT, 11th inst. The artists will include Madame Florence-Lancia, Madame Fabri, Mdlle. Eltzer, Mdlle. Zellner, Herr Muller, Herr Hause, Herr Josef Ludwig, Herr Ferdinand Ludwig, Mr. J. Chatterton, &c. Conductor—Herr SCHUBERTH. Tickets, 5s., 3s., 2s., and 1s.; at Messrs. Cramer & Co., 201, Regent Street; Messrs. D. Davison & Co., 244, Regent Street, and at the Hall.

ROYAL ALBERT HALL.—"ELIJAH," on MONDAY NEXT, 10th JULY, by the National Choral Society. Band and Chorus nearly 1,000 Performers. Conductor—Mr. G. W. MARTIN. Tickets from One Shilling to One Guinea, at 14 & 15, Exeter Hall, and of the Music-sellers. Commence at Eight.

MR. HENRY LESLIE'S LAST GRAND CONCERT of the SEASON, ST. JAMES'S HALL, WEDNESDAY MORNING next, July 12, at 2 o'clock. Titiens, Albani, Ilma de Murska, Trebelli-Bettini, Sinico, Leon Duval, Fernandez, and Marie Marimon, Capoui, Viziani, Bentham, and Fancelli, Agnesi, Foll, Mendioroz, Caravoglia, and Bignio. Tickets, 10s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 5s., 2s. 6d., at Austin's Office, St. James Hall, and all music-sellers.

Just Published.

SIGNOR SCHIRA'S successful new Trio, "LE TRE VIVANDIERE," with drum obbligato, is now ready. Price 5s. This beautiful Trio, sung by Mdlle. Sesi, Signora Scalchi, and Madame Monbelli, made a great sensation at the Floral Hall Concert, and will be repeated at St. George's Hall, 22nd July.
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"ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?"

MR. A. BENNETT will sing ASCHER's popular romance, "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" and WELLINGTON GUERNSEY's new song, "DEAREST TO MY SOUL THOU ART," at Store Street Concert Rooms, Wednesday, the 19th inst.

"WAKE, LINDA, WAKE."

MR. W. C. BELL (Pupil of Dr. Spark), will sing at Mr. Lansdowne Cottell's Concert, Wednesday, the 19th July, "WAKE, LINDA, WAKE," and the New War Song, "THE WAR CRY 'S HUSHED," by WELLINGTON GUERNSEY.

"ALICE."

MISS KATE FULLER will play, on the 19th inst., at Wornum's Concert Room, Store Street, ASCHER's popular transcription of "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?"

"THE SONG OF MAY."

MISS AGNES LYNTHURST will sing, on the 19th inst., at Mr. L. Cottell's Concert, W. V. WALLACE'S "SONG OF MAY."

MDLLE. ANGELE will sing "THE PRISONER'S LAST SONG" (verses written by Chadwick Tichbourne, on himself, in the Tower, before he suffered death, A.D. 1586), composed by J. P. GOLDBERG, at the Composer's Concert, July 12th.

"IL BALLO" AND "LE CARNEVAL DE VENISE,"

MME. MARIE STOCKEN will sing Signor SCHIRA'S admired song, "IL BALLO," July 14th, and BENEDICT'S popular Variations on "LE CARNEVAL DE VENISE," on July 13th, at the Hall by the Sea, Margate.

ORATORY CHOIR, Brompton, S.W.—A Bass, Tenor, Alto, and Boys, with efficient Soprano Voices, wanted. Applications to be addressed to the Director of Music, W. Schulthes, The Oratory, Brompton, S.W.

"L'AMOUR DU PASSE,"**"THE DAYS THAT ARE NO MORE."**

MR. CARL F. WEBER will perform, on the 19th inst., at Store Street Rooms, ASCHER'S brilliant fantasia, "L'AMOUR DU PASSE," and his own transcription of "THE WAR CRY'S HUSHED," and BLUMFELT'S transcription of the "DAYS THAT ARE NO MORE."

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REMOVAL.

MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD begs to inform her Pupils and Friends that she has REMOVED from Upper Wimpole Street to Ivy Bank, 49, Finchley Road, St. John's Wood.

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NOTICE.**NEW SONG BY HENRIETTE.****"WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN!"**

The Words by **ARTHUR CLYDE.**

The Music by **HENRIETTE.**

Price 3s.

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Only when twilight creeps,
My sad heart weeps and weeps,
In anguish that ne'er sleeps—
"What might have been!"

Living in his dear smile,
Guarding his weal the while,
A sweet life without guile—
"This might have been!"

Save that relentless spite
Breathed dark shades o'er truth's light,
That I scorned to set right—
"All might have been!"

Truth prevailed, ah! too late
Writhing in chains of fate,
He mourns disconsolate—
"What might have been!"

Strive we by duties done,
So our life's battle's won,
Crushing, each morning sun—
"Hopes that have been!"

Yet, must I in dream-light,
Waiting for weary night,
Wail and cry by grief's right—
"What might have been!"

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"PLEINE DE DOUTE,"

SONATA FOR PIANOFORTE SOLO.

Adagio maestoso, Allegro con brio, Romanza, Intermezzo, Scherzo and Trio, Rondo brillante. Composed and Dedicated by permission to

MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD,

By **BERNARD FAREBROTHER.**

London: LAMBORN COCK & Co., 63, New Bond Street, W.

CHARLES HANSENS.

(From the *Echo du Parlement*.)

Charles Louis Hanssens was a composer of the first rank. His *Requiem*, a genuine masterpiece, would alone suffice to immortalise a musician. His fantasias for orchestra, too, such as *La Romanesca*; and his transcriptions, for harmony, from operas, such as *Les Huguenots*; and his choruses, with their complex parts, like the *Janissaires*; and his oratorios, like *Le Sabbat*, are they not pages of peculiar significance—model compositions, where youth may ever study the secrets of a sure, precise, and masterly technical method? To his marvellous practical talent Hanssens united theoretical merit, to which special judges used eagerly to pay legitimate homage. How many "*premiers prix de Rome*" were enabled to learn from him, in a few weeks, the mysteries of instrumentation which the Conservatory had taught them only imperfectly during a long course of years! As an orchestral conductor, Hanssens was unrivalled. His eagle glance enabled him to divine, almost instantaneously, the style and the movement of a piece of music. We directed attention to these eminent qualities, when, in consequence of circumstances which it is useless to enumerate here, the master had to leave his post as conductor at the *Théâtre de la Monnaie*.

"We must be permitted," we said, among other things, "to render here a tribute of respectful sympathy to the valiant conductor, whose talent we are about to lose, by no fault on his part, we suppose. For twenty-two consecutive years, M. Charles Hanssens has been in the breach at the *Monnaie*, conducting the rehearsals with intelligent activity; correcting on the spot faults of copying; dictating to every one the necessary transpositions; and keeping a sure and experienced eye upon the smallest instrumental part entrusted to his care. A composer of the first class, he possessed as the head of an orchestra the superior talent resulting from the profound practical study of the instruments under his command; a facility of reading scores of any school; a quick intellect aided by a glance no less quick; and a delicate ear for rhythm, manifested by the play of the features as well as by the oscillations of the arm, all these qualities being enhanced by the authority and charm exercised by an artist. The remembrance of so much merit will, assuredly, ever remain engraven in the hearts of all who were in a position to appreciate M. Hanssens, and, as far as concerns ourselves, we could not do less than consecrate to him these few modest lines, at the moment that a career in which he so distinguished himself is about being closed against him for ever."

Were anyone to ask us our definitive opinion of a compatriot who has filled so brilliant and so useful a place in musical art, we might here express it in two words. Hanssens had no poetic ideal, no philosophic views, and no reformatory tendencies. He took art at the point to which it had been carried by masters endowed with truly original genius. He has caused to flow from this source pages characterized by unusual talent, and by an eloquence frequently irresistible. Thoroughly believing, and even peremptory in, his convictions, he possessed a truly Germanic nature, opposed on every occasion to infatuation for what was Italian or French. He declared himself, frankly and manfully, an exclusive admirer of the musical creations on the other side of the Rhine, his own works, by the way, displaying the same qualities and the same defects. The somewhat studied propriety of his melodic expression is not, at any rate, inconsistent with true Atticism. If he now and then found it indescribably difficult to get rid of certain instances of harmonic harshness, and of a certain coldness of sentiment, he was never dull, feeble, or insipidly insignificant. His music stands out in bold relief, and is distinguished for a conciseness, which, so to speak, strikes the mind as does a medal, causing the essential point to be unmistakably prominent. Mendelssohn, Meyerbeer, Gounod, and other musical notabilities, were delighted to pay him this sincere homage. Latterly, though undermined by a painful disease, Hanssens was incessantly at work. If he did not die, like Fétis, on the day after a concert, we may say that, in some measure, he fell pen in hand. Choruses, motets and fantasias gushed from his brain, ever young and ever active. His swan's song is a mass for grand orchestra, executed, a few months since, at St. Gudule. Though he never wrote or published any literary works,

Hanssens possessed the characteristic sagacity of a thinker, and the spontaneous causticity of a witty man. He told a story charmingly, and more than one trait of contemporary musical history, cited by him in conversation with his intimate friends, is worth being piously treasured up.

Charles Louis Hanssens was born at Ghent in 1802. He had, therefore, attained the respectable age of sixty-nine. His place is for ever secured in the numerous phalanx of those masters of the art who have added lustre to Belgium.—EDM. VANDER STRAETEN.

*(From the *Courier de la Semaine d'Anvers*.)

When, a fortnight since, I was deploring the death of Fétis, and said, in reference to Charles Hanssens: "Also one of our remarkable musicians, whom they would fain, by their ingratitude, bury in a premature coffin," I did not think I should so soon exclaim, "Charles Hanssens is no more!" The old masters are departing! It is for you, the young, to bethink yourselves, and to feel the grave responsibility of the glorious inheritance bequeathed to those who remain by those who have preceded them. Charles Hanssens, being an energetic originator, brought about a remarkable artistic development, especially at Ghent. Who will tell us that Ghent knew how to preserve what Hanssens leagued it, when, discouraged by indifference and ingratitude, he took refuge in the capital.

Next to his native town, Brussels was the place where Hanssens most brilliantly displayed the deep interest he took in art and artists. He founded the Association des Artistes Musiciens. At that period, there was a certain degree of enthusiasm among artists generally, and the generous idea of the master we have just lost found an echo among them. The splendid work was set on foot, and still enjoys a flourishing existence. The propagation of classical productions constantly engrossed Hanssens' attention. In addition to this, he formed the admirable orchestra at the *Théâtre de la Monnaie*, an orchestra which, not long since, was still living on its ancient glory and the traditions Hanssens bequeathed it. His pupils can inform us what an admirable master of harmony and instrumentation he was. How clear and prompt was his talent for reading scores. Nothing escaped his notice. Young artists found in him a sure guide, who spared neither advice nor reprimand. Many could not reconcile themselves to the rugged side of his virile nature; but this ruggedness was a mark of strength, and not in any way of a bad disposition.

Hanssens' kind-heartedness was inexhaustible, but how few could plunge their glance deep enough to traverse the somewhat rough bark which enveloped his proud and indomitable nature; it was not without struggles, and without having to undergo infamous persecution, that he continued his career. The consequence was that, overwhelmed by injustice, he brought it to a premature conclusion. Can we not see him now, forced, under the pretext of *incapacity*, to give up his position as conductor at the *Théâtre de la Monnaie*, at a time when, respected, as he ought to have been, by all, he should have enjoyed the fruits of what he had done, and, in his old age, have remained at the head of those he had brought up.

Is it not a grand thing to see the formidable German operas conducted by eminent men who can scarcely wield their *bâton* of commandment, but who find in their troops devotion and enthusiasm so great that even gestures appear to have become useless. Thought gleams around those white heads, and is spread over the army of executants. We feel ourselves in presence of deep gratitude, absolute appreciation, and submission, worthy of those who have worked. Was everyone of opinion that Fétis, energetically causing people to respect his white hair, should not precede Hanssens in a forced abdication? Yes, so it is with these pioneers of art; they devote themselves to their task body and soul, and then find themselves finally flung on one side, like the lowest bricklayer when no longer able to use a trowel. The most energetic succumb. As for Hanssens, he was killed. As a composer, Hanssens declared he was in the right path, regarding, as he did, the German masters as our natural tutors in musical development. He was not very fond of Italian or French music, and this procured him many enemies. He carried on war to the knife against all French or Italian influence. Not that he underestimated whatever merit those schools pos-

essed, but he felt instinctively that this very strong influence could not fail to call into existence an unpardonable indifference for German art.

A great deal more might be said about Hanssens' works, but the Future will undertake the task of rendering justice to a man of whom I may say, as I said of Fétis, "Is it quite sure that, while alive, this man was appreciated as he deserved to be?" O sad note of interrogation, which has always been found inscribed before those whom people call their "contemporaries."

M. O. I.

A BERLIN ORCHESTRA.

A musical correspondent of the *Glasgow Daily Herald*, writing from the capital of Germany, thus conveys his impressions of the orchestra:—

"Before going to the concert, I was aware that these summer musical entertainments are not considered equal to those given during the winter season; besides, the price of admission was uncommonly low, and during the concert the audience took refreshment. Still, as the advertisements ran thus, 'Berliner Sinfonie-Capelle, Sinfonie-Concert, unter Leitung des Königl. Musik-Director, Herrn J. Stern' (the original German, in case of any misunderstanding), I am entitled to consider the performance as a fair average one of what is heard in Berlin. The execution of the first item was at once convincing that I had before me a very good conductor, with an indifferent orchestra. Again, I am judging from high standards. Mendelssohn's charming overture (*Die Hebriden*) was far from being well played. There was a certain amount of vigour about its execution and an evidently intimate knowledge of the music on the part of the executants, which always carry weight; but these advantages were more than counter-balanced by a certain coarseness all through. The oboes were radically and helplessly bad, especially in tone; the bassoons were more reliable, but coarse; the first flute was at all times deficient in tone, and towards the end, in the long holding note, fell very flat, and could scarcely hold on long enough, as he had not properly filled his lungs, or his lungs were not big enough to do the work. The opening unisonous passages of Haydn's Symphony (No. 4) for double-basses, violoncellos, and tenors, were rasped out in a very unsatisfactory manner. The instruments, indeed, were not in strict tune, nor were they always together. They did not come on with the conductor's beat, nor did they go off with it. This was particularly observable in the following *allegro*. The *andante* was got through without any hitch or mistake, yet without the slightest pretence to that delicacy and refinement which I had expected to find in instrumental music in Berlin. Beethoven's symphony (No. 2) fared still worse. The beginning was a perfect scrimmage. The violin running passages were very indistinct, and the flute shakes positively bad. In the *allegro*, the drummer made a gross blunder, through downright carelessness. Now, mistakes will happen, but as a rule it is advisable in the case of orchestras that they should not be attributable to the drummer, for his is an instrument whose misdeeds cannot be concealed. Very savage and very fierce was the glance which the conductor directed at the culprit, who, however, seemed rather to consider it as a joke. The lovely *andante* (in A major) which follows was also badly started. The clarinet was good, the horns also deserved much praise, but that dreadful bassoon (how essential in the movement) was worse than ever. The violins were at times most careless—at least the result, was the same as if they had been culpably indifferent—and towards the end of the *andante* a whole handful of them got right before the conductor's beat. At this point (it was now about six o'clock) I had to leave so as to be in time for the Grand Opera; but I had heard quite enough of the performance to convince me that Berlin orchestral music has been in our country much overrated; and I have no hesitation in saying so. To compare what I heard with Halle's band performances, or with Mann's Crystal Palace entertainments, would be simply absurd."

In a subsequent letter our contemporary's correspondent tells how he heard the Dom-Chör, and what he thought of it:—

"It was an exhibition of transparent pictures (*à la panorama*) illustrative of the late war, the musical accompaniments to be sung by the Dom-Chör. 1st, Tableaux: Departure of the Troops (music, 'Und wenn uns nichts'—Peschke); 2nd, The Crown Prince, at the Battle of Weissenburg (music, 'Was uns eint als'—Mendelssohn); 3rd, MacMahon in the flight at Worth (music, 'Auf und lässt'—Spohr); Bombardment of Strasburg by Moonlight (music, 'Silberblauer Mondenschein'—Schubert); 5th, Moltke at Gravelotte (music, 'Der Gott'—Hänisch); and 6th, Glorification of the Emperor (music, 'Denn er hat seinen Engeln'—Mendelssohn). The pictures were no great works of art, as is generally the case in such entertainments. As for the music, I scarcely know how to write about it. I cannot and will not believe it was a fair sample of the Dom-Chör. It was simply about the worst singing I ever heard. I am inclined to believe that it must only have been a section of that famous chorus. I understand that in that body there are boys to sing the soprano parts. There were none in the concert I speak of but had tenors, throaty and uncertain, baritones with muffled voices, and basses giving out 'uncertain sounds.' The first item was got through tolerably well as to correctness, the third (Spohr) was not sung in tune,

nor did the singers by any means keep together. But the climax was in the last piece. With the perfect knowledge that it was an arrangement of Mendelssohn's excellent Quartetto from *Elijah*, 'He shall give his angels charge over thee,' I could not for some time catch the ideas. Such a chaos of sounds is rarely to be heard. Besides, it is surely very questionable taste to arrange such a piece of music for male voices. It is utterly impossible for men's voices alone to bring out the many different effects."

A performance of *Roberto* at the Grand Opera is thus described:—

"In my last letter I gave an account of the performance of the *Czar und Zimmerman*, at the Grand Opera in Berlin. There was much to admire in that performance, so that I felt encouraged to look forward to a treat. I expected a really fine execution of the characteristic instrumental introduction, but the first four notes from the orchestra completely staggered me. The opening unisonous passage for the Brasses is surely not very difficult to take. High C, G, E flat, low C, do not present insurmountable difficulties. (I write from memory as to the notes.) They were taken thus:—High C doubtfully and unsteadily, G firmly and clearly, E flat wretchedly and in a *fishing* manner, low C a species of scramble. The graceful figure for the violins, immediately following, was much better, though not perfectly taken, but the brass got their 'innings' again, and again made a mess of it. The opening chorus, *Schenk ein und füllt*, was sung out of tune, and in some parts out of time. But let me first dismiss the principals. Fraulein Amann (Alice) had a vigorous, clear voice, but positively she could not sing one passage in tune. Her aria, 'Geh; sprich sie zu mir' (*Va! dit-elle*) was something dreadful—badly phrased, out of tune, and very badly accompanied. Her 'Eh: ich die Normandie' (*Quand je quittais la Normandie*) was, if anything, worse, and made me wonder how the musical public of Berlin could possibly allow such a vocalist to appear on their stage. Fraulein Lehmann (Isabella) was by no means so bad. She has a harsh voice, but on that evening it was generally in tune. She did not act well, and has the bad habit of using a good deal of the *portamento*. Herr Woworsty (Roberto) looked and acted his part well, but in the matter of singing was quite overweighted. Herr Fricke (Bertram) may at one time have had a voice; but like that of poor Formes (whom in some points he resembles), it exists no longer. Words fail me to describe the miserable execution of the majestic trio in the last act. Neither Alice nor Roberto nor Bertram was in tune, and each seemed desirous of extinguishing the others. The result was appalling; and yet the large audience in the Grand Opera House in Berlin applauded enthusiastically, and recalls were the order of the evening. From this description of the principals, it may readily be imagined in what way the glorious *ensembles* were given. The chorus was unsteady and unreliable; the orchestra occasionally good, but very rarely so. The piece was put on the stage with all that care and completeness to which I have previously alluded; on the whole, I never saw anything better. I have given freely my opinions on this performance. Does any one ask me if I am satisfied of the justice of my statements? I answer, yes; a thousand times yes. As well ask me if I know the difference betwixt Old Hundred and the reel of Tulloch-gorum. As well ask me if I know the difference betwixt black midnight and the blazing noonday sun. There are times when one *thinks* he is right, there are others when he *knows* it. Regarding the performance of *Roberto* in the Grand Opera House in Berlin, I find myself in the latter position. It is but fair, however, to add that, after the performance, I met a professional musician of Berlin who ought to know well as to such matters, and who assured me that *Roberto* was the weakest representation in the whole of the Berlin repertoire, and that the performance in question had been *abominable, atrocious* (the exact words, as we spoke in French). Of course, as to that I cannot possibly judge. I can only once more repeat, and I do so coolly and advisedly, that it was the worst I ever heard in any operahouse."

Mario's Farewell.

"He was a man, take him for all in all, I shall not look upon his like again."

Mario, to thee there can be no farewell;
Each look, each tone, in memory will dwell.
To those unborn, not having seen thy face,
'Twere useless to describe each manly grace;
For us, 'tis but another season o'er,
Making each impress deeper than before.

Ephraim Bullock.

BREAKFAST.—EPPS'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—The very agreeable character of this preparation has rendered it a general favourite.—The *Civil Service Gazette* remarks:—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoas, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctor's bills." Each packet is labelled: JAMES EPPS & Co., Homoeopathic Chemists, London. Also makers of Epps's Cascades, a very thin evening beverage.

ALEXANDER SEROW.*

"A change in music is the result of a change in manners."—PLATO.

(Concluded from page 405.)

The third concert (Chamber-Music) left Sérow unmoved. This does not apply, however, to the series of songs sung by Walter, "An die ferne Geliebte," with which he was beside himself. "In the evening," he exclaimed, running his hands through his hair, "It was divinely beautiful! A pleasure never to be forgotten!" I took up the theme "pleasure."† "Do not begin arguing," he said, interrupting me. "I am ill. Were I not, should I be in this room, or in Vienna? I should be in a folks-theatre, as usual; or in the picture gallery, or with my pet animals in the menagerie at Schönbrunn, where one can learn so much."

He experienced great delight—the last piece of delight he enjoyed—at receiving a telegram forwarded by the Grand-Princess Helene, commissioning him to visit and report on the Vienna Conservatory. "To-morrow I begin," he said. "They shall find they were not mistaken in me." This episode turned the conversation to the beginning of his career in Petersburg. I touched upon his relations with Lasarew. He said, "I will lower the tone of my polemics. I will no more forget criticism for the critics. Indeed, I do not need to do so; they no longer irritate me, and over the greatest enemy in life—want—I have triumphed."

As a characteristic instance of his utter recklessness when his convictions were involved, I may mention the Lasarew episode. Lasarew, an amateur composer, returned, during the Lent of 1861, to St. Petersburg, from his travels in the Caucasus and Abyssinia. He possessed means; he was the first among us who introduced monster posters. His concerts were patched up out of oriental oratorios, overtures, and Caucasian battle-scenes. On his card he appended to his name, "*ami de Rossini*," and he was called the Abyssian maestro. The Russian press, headed by Sérow, were very severe on his compositions; Sérow said his bills were "Lasarewian table-cloths, on which nothing was served up." Lasarew answered by a larger "table-cloth," in which he called upon the public to decide between him and Beethoven! He announced that he would give an overture by himself and one by Beethoven, etc. "That I will not allow!" said Sérow to me. "I will tear the conducting-stick out of his hand, if he takes Beethoven as a parallel!" I had a presentiment of something untoward, and observed that the police had granted permission for the concert to be given. Sérow promised he would not go. Unfortunately, things were destined to turn out otherwise. A knot of musicians, wound up to a pitch of great excitement against Lasarew, gave Sérow a breakfast before the concert, and near the place where it was to come off. They knew that Sérow would follow them to the concert. So he did. "You must not hold a red cloth before a bull's eyes," he said subsequently. An overture by Lasarew had been performed amid the laughter of the public. At the moment Beethoven's *Coriolan* was about to be played for the sake of comparison, Sérow sprang upon the chair near Lasarew in the orchestra and harangued the public, calling upon them not to allow such an insult to genius. His words set them in a flame; a crowd of young men among them burst into the orchestra, and some instruments were broken. The tumult went on increasing, and it was resolved to remove Lasarew by main force. The police appeared, as did, shortly afterwards, the Head Superintendent, who arrested Sérow. On the same evening the Postmaster dismissed him from his situation in the Post-Office; a higher power left him his place, but sent him to the head guard-house. This happened on Saturday, and I knew nothing about it till the Monday morning, when I received the following lines from Sérow: "If you want to see me, come to New Holland" (the name of the harbour, St. Petersburg). "I am locked up at the principal guard-house." "So it's *Coriolan*!" I thought to myself. "He has assaulted Lasarew." I drove to New Holland. When I had passed over the little bridge leading over the moat, I was before the principal guard-house, and there I beheld Sérow's expressive head propped

up by his two hands over a volume in folio. It could not, of course, be anything but the score of the Ninth! Sérow was so immersed in it that, despite the noise made by the carriage in so quiet a spot, he did not look up. I stood awhile lost in my contemplation of him, but still he never looked out of the window. On my entering the guard-room, he said: "Thank you; besides mother and sister, no one will come; *pas de danger*! I regret what has occurred," he added. "How gracious the Emperor has been!"—he spoke from his heart. "I have come to spend the whole day with you," I observed. "I have brought dinner in the carriage."—"Here is mine; it was sent from home. We will both partake of it; here is the Ninth, and here the Mass in D." He immediately plunged with me into the first movement of the Ninth; I struck up the triumphal march-variation in the *finale*, with the basses coming in afterwards, and observed, "So will you leave this place?" He embraced me slightly; demonstrations were his horror. On the fourth day, he was seated in my lodgings. As we were talking the subject over, to his inward satisfaction, nine years afterwards, in Vienna, he said, "When you die, rely on me; people shall know how you worked." He then paced up and down my room. "Every one in his own peculiar branch," he continued. "I am *analysis* and *synthesis*. You were born archivalian. Your catalogue will not perish."

After we had heard the C sharp minor Quartet, on the third Beethoven-day, Sérow began talking about his discovery in it, and said once more: "How much Vienna is beneath my standard. Not a being in the room had the slightest idea of the *Phrygian second*. When I lived at Liszt's, in Weimar, I explained the first movement (in C sharp minor) as an *appoggiatura* of the second (in D major). Liszt was enraptured, and related it in the town; it was a genial, but a false idea; it was a phrase; it is Phrygian, Phrygian! One word must express what is most profound and most learned. Look here," he continued, "at the level of Vienna in the *Tageblatt* of the 22nd December. Here it is:—The C sharp minor Quartet is a real musical gourmandise; it will find no especial favour with a large audience! Did Beethoven serve up a dish? What does he care for a public? All he cares anything about is his own idea; he does not want a public! We are numerous enough, I should say! North America has sent over delegates!"—The third day was brought to a close by the performance of *Egmont*, with Beethoven's music, in the new Operahouse, which was festively lighted up, and is the finest theatre in Europe. Sérow, who always knew everything, remarked that the scenes of the shooting-place, and of the city by night, were out of the *Meistersinger*. They surpassed everything I had ever beheld in the way of scenery. "Observe the costumes; they are all after pictures by Van Dyk, in the Belvedere," he said. "One thing to be blamed is that *Mdme. Wolter* (Klärchen) declaimed the songs. A lady in concert toilet should have come on and sung them, for the dramatic unity this evening was Beethoven!"

The evening of the fifth Beethoven-day was devoted to the grand banquet in the concert-hall, from the boxes of which all Vienna wanted to witness the eating, and listen to the speech-making. The guests assembled in the small concert-hall, which, by the way, is large enough in all conscience, and was gay with foliage, blossoms, and flowers—in fact, decked out in ball toilet. It was here that the guests and delegates were presented to each other. There was the Englishman Thayer,* the chronologist of Beethoven; Philippi, the doctor of music, at the head of the delegates from the Conservatories of Naples and Bologna, besides many more. "Thayer," said Sérow, "understands nothing of Beethoven, but he has been peering about Germany so long that he has fixed positively most of the *Opus-dates*." The place of each guest was marked by a card with his name upon it. Dr. Raindel, a member of the Committee, opened the proceedings by proposing the health of the Emperor. The assembly rose, and a magical gleam played about the head of Beethoven, who seemed to speak; it was a stirring moment! Strauss's band in the gallery struck up the Austrian National Hymn. Herbeck, the new director of the Imperial Operahouse, drank to Beethoven in a flood of impassioned words. Strauss

* By W. von Lenz. From the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*.

† "*Genuss*," pleasure, enjoyment, satisfaction.

* Herr von Lenz ought to know that Mr. Thayer is a distinguished American.—TRANSLATOR.

answered with the end of the *Egmont* overture (the hymn of freedom). Herr von Stremayr, the Minister of Religion and Education, then expatiated in an enthusiastic speech on the significance of the festival. Herr Unger, a *Hofrath*, described Beethoven in public life, and drank to the city of Vienna, in the name of which Baron von Wertheim replied. Herr Mosenthal, the poet, consecrated his glass to the visitors, and to the fraternisation of all peoples in the empire of art. The chairman, Herr von Dinglestedt, then called upon the strangers to reply. Referring to this part of the proceedings, the *Fremdenblatt* of Dec. 21st said: "Lenz answered in a long, philosophical speech, in which he strove to define Beethoven's nature;" the *Wiener Presse*: "Lenz portrayed, in words of profound feeling, Beethoven's significance."—Dingelstedt mounted the tribune to pay a tribute to the married women of Germany, though Beethoven was wifeless, and bade his auditors always bear in mind the ennobling influence the subjects of his toast exerted. That charming dramatic artist, Mad. Gabillon, then glided gracefully into the tribune, and, champagne glass in hand, returned thanks. "That is Vienna taste, that is *Papagena*," said Sérow. "We were with Beethoven; we are now in Vienna. How often shall we hear of the great Viennese misfortune of Beethoven's having no wife? *Non bis in idem*; Lewinsky was enough! See whether persons are led when they have no idea in their head." Herbeck now got up to propose the health of all married women, including those who were not German. "What do we care for all this about the nationality of married women," asked Sérow. "Was Beethoven a marriage agent, like M. de Foy, in Paris? We came to a significant festival, and are in a ladies' club, at an æsthetic tea!"

On my visiting Sérow the next day, he showed me a paper. "There!" he said. "There was dancing! What becomes of the seriousness, the solemn character of the Festival? They danced, did they? Why did not they drive to the Sperl—to the dancing Pandemonium?" I had called to take leave of him, and prevailed upon him to come down from his room in the hotel to the dining-room. "What is the name of this wine?" he enquired. "It is Ruster-Ausbruch."—"Very good—deserving of high praise; and of this dish?"—"I ordered you a fowl, with Paprika sauce; it is a Vienna dish."—"Aye, in these things the Viennese have good taste; in these things their taste pleases me." He was in good spirits, and, after his fashion, amiable. "I will ask some one else to dine with us," I said, and telegraphed to Liszt at Pesth. I signed the message with our two names, and added: "*Pedelle*, Beethoven's *in partibus*." Liszt was not at home, and we received no answer.

In his speech and bearing, Sérow reminded you of Balzac. When the latter spoke of the characters in his romances, you lived with them; when Sérow spoke of chords in Beethoven, you seemed to be inside the great Pyramid where Sérow was holding the torch! I never heard two learned theoreticians explain anything in one and the same way; they always ended by becoming entangled in terminology. With Sérow everything was clear; everything was an irrefutable consequence from certain assumptions. "I have learned nothing from others, or out of others," he used to say; "I have *learned of myself alone*; therefore it is that I shall die for my discoveries."—"To the cross!" he once exclaimed, stretching out his arms towards the large ivory crucifix over his writing-table in Petersburg; "but my discoveries in Beethoven shall live!"

Buth.

Whene'er composers choose this theme,
'Tis strange, but certain truth,
The treatments so absorbing seem,
One hears and feels but ruth.

Ghost of Bentweff.

WEIMAR.—Herr Lassen has had the Schwarzburg Cross of Honour, first class, conferred on him.

MILAN.—The corporation have granted the Scala a subsidy of 180,000 lire for next season.—Among the operatic novelties to be shortly produced are *I promessi Sposi*, by Signor Petrella, at the Carcano; *L'Avvocato Patelin*, by Signor Montuero, at the old Teatro It; and *La Scornessa*, by Signor Usglio, at the Teatro Milanese.

MUSIC AT BERLIN.

(From a Correspondent.)

As the *Der Freischütz* Jubilee could not be celebrated at the Royal Operahouse, in consequence of the occasional pieces—*Zur Heimkehr*, *Barbarossa*, etc.—being got up to welcome back the victorious troops to the capital, the interest created by the event was, so to speak, concentrated upon Madame Caroline Seidler-Wranitzky, who sang the part of Agathe here on Monday, the 18th June, 1871, and who has sustained it at the same theatre ninety-one times. Herr von Hülsen wrote her a charming letter, in which he spoke most flatteringly of her impersonation of Weber's heroine and other fair creations of the lyric stage. From other quarters she received innumerable congratulations in prose and verse, while her Leipzig friends sent her a laurel wreath.—Kroll's Operahouse has been doing good business. This establishment appears to possess an especial charm for country visitors and foreigners. Herr Theodor Formes is playing a short engagement there; the same is true of another artist, formerly a favourite with this public. I allude to Herr Himmer, who, since his departure from the banks of the Spree, has been delighting German emigrants turned into American citizens, and such German emigrants' children, by his efforts as tenor at the German Operahouse, New York. His voice is impaired somewhat by the ruthless hand of time, but he manages the *beaux restes* of it with artistic skill and pleasing results. A third vocal visitor is a bass, Herr Speigler, from the Carlsruhe Theatre.—Herr Nicolaus Rubinstein stayed here a few days lately on his way to Heidelberg. These are all the crumbs of musical intelligence I can manage to pick up this week, and, therefore, I conclude without more ado.

THE WOMAN OF SAMARIA IN AMERICA.

Watson's Art Journal thus criticised Sir Sterndale Bennett's latest work, on the occasion of its recent performance in Boston:—

"Sir William Sterndale Bennett, as a composer, is as well known in Europe as in England. His orchestral, piano, and vocal music has long since been enshrined among the classics. As the bosom friend of Mendelssohn, he was widely known among the German *virtuosi*, and few foreigners have received such distinctions as were tendered to Bennett in the German capitals. Wherever classic music is in vogue, there will Bennett's compositions be found. The *Woman of Samaria* is a recent composition, having been written by Sir W. S. Bennett for the Birmingham Festival in 1867. It does not aspire to the level of an oratorio; but it contains much good, solid, contrapuntal writing, a fine flow of melody, and the most beautiful treatment for the orchestra. As a whole, it is written on too low a key, the text chosen is of too level a character, too monotonous, and the music necessarily takes its tone from the text. Individually, the numbers are very beautiful. The choruses are characterized by tender beauty. The first chorus, 'Blessed be the Lord God of Israel,' is a delicious melody, led off by the soprano, and taken up by the other voices in rich harmony, each alternately bearing the melody. It is well elaborated, and the gradual return to the first subject is artistically managed. One of the most spirited and effective of the choruses is 'Therefore with joy shall ye draw water,' the subject of which is fresh and melodious, and takes quite a dramatic form at the words 'And thine ears shall hear a word behind thee, singing: 'This is the way.' The first part of the sentence is in recitative, for the various voices. The reiteration of the last words, 'This is the way,' by the several voices, is so treated as to produce a very dramatic effect, in addition to which the form admits of the frequent bursting in of the joyful phrase, 'Therefore with joy,' which gives impulse and brightness to the number. The chorus 'Come, O Israel,' is a grave and beautiful bit of part-writing, and the chorus, 'Abide with me,' used first as a duo for female voices, then as a trio, and afterwards in four parts, is exceedingly beautiful. 'Now we believe' is a fine specimen of scholarly writing, and the fugue which closes the composition is a broad and flowing subject, worked out with much skill and with good effect. The unaccompanied quartet is a very beautiful bit of harmony, and the most effective number in the cantata. The contralto solo, 'O Lord, thou hast searched me out,' is beautifully simple and tender in its character. The soprano solo, 'Art thou greater than our father Jacob?' with its questioning character, has much dramatic vigour. The other solos and the recitatives are well written and interesting. As a whole, it is a charming and musically work, which will grow upon the public the more it is heard. From the beautiful simplicity of its character, and from the absence of any serious difficulties, we think it will be extensively used by the choral societies throughout the country."

HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.

Last week the *Sonnambula* and *Figlia del Reggimento* were each given once, and *Semiramide* twice. Every new hearing of the *Figlia* helps to confirm the impression that the bent of Mdle. Marimon's genius, whether as actress or as singer, is decidedly towards comic opera. True, we have but few opportunities of estimating her fairly; for, though she has now appeared twelve times, she has only appeared in two characters—Amina and Maria. Her very striking and original assumption of the Vivandière, however, is sufficient to justify the opinion we have expressed, and which we believe is pretty general. It is hoped that, before the end of the season, now not so very far off, some other part will be assigned to the new favourite. Mdle. Marimon is credited abroad with versatility no less than with distinguished talent, and it is only reasonable that she should be allowed a further chance of showing it.

Among the most remarkable performances of the season have been those of Rossini's *Semiramide*, with Mdle. Tietjens, Mdme. Trebelli-Bettini, and Signor Agnesi, in the three leading characters. On no work has Sir Michael Costa bestowed more care than upon Rossini's last Italian opera, and in none has his value as an orchestral chief been more emphatically declared.

The operas this week have been *Rigoletto*, with Mdle. Ilma di Murska as Gilda, Madame Trebelli as Maddalena, M. Capoul as the Duke, and Signor Mendioroz, a bass barytone new to this country, as the Jester, *La Figlia del Reggimento*, and *The Huguenots*. To-night we are again promised *La Sonnambula*, with Mdle. Marimon.

We regret to hear that Wagner's *Ollandese Dannato* is not to be revived this season. Where, subscribers may ask, are the novelties announced in the prospectus. To which we may answer, on behalf of Mr. Mapleson, that *Anna Bolena* is in active preparation.

—O—
ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The operas last week were *Faust e Margherita*, *Esmeralda*, *Dinorah*, the *Huguenots*, and *Hamlet*.

The performance of M. Gounod's universally admired opera, with Mdle. Lucca as the heroine, and M. Faure as Mephistopheles, has been spoken of more than once this season; and we only now refer to it because on the occasion under notice Signor Mario appeared for the last time (but one) as Faust, a character which, when he originally undertook it at the Royal Italian Opera, in May, 1846 (with the same Margaret and the same Mephistopheles), he made his own. Signor Mario, indeed, presented the ideal Faust whom M. Gounod must have had in his mind when composing his dreamy and impassioned music. The great dramatic tenor was not, to use the conventional phrase, "in good voice" the other night; nevertheless, his performance generally left an impression difficult to efface. Still more to be regretted was the fact that on the Friday following was witnessed, again for the last time, an impersonation of Raoul de Nangis which in its way has never been approached, and which since as far back as 1848, when the *Huguenots* of Meyerbeer (with Madame Pauline Viardot as Valentine) was brought out at Covent Garden Theatre, has been one of the most prominent assumptions on the operatic stage. On Friday, Signor Mario, happily, was in full possession of his once unparalleled means. In many trying passages he was at evident pains to husband his voice, and when here and there the voice failed him, the art with which he managed to control it would alone have been a lesson to any young singer ambitious to learn the secret of what art really is. Signor Mario's acting may be described, in a word, as magnificent; and so lively was the impression created that, at the end of the famous duet with Valentine, which immediately follows the scene of the "Benediction of the Swords," the audience unanimously called him thrice before the curtain—twice with Mdle. Lucca (another "Pauline"), who had proved herself in every respect equal to the occasion, and once alone, when the house rang with acclamations—a worthy tribute to an incomparable artist just on the eve of his retirement.

The revival of *Esmeralda* was welcome, if only because it brought again before us one of the most finished and brilliant impersonations of Madame Adelina Patti. We need not again describe the opera of Signor Campana, or the libretto so cleverly made for him by Signor Cimino out of M. Victor Hugo's famous

romance. On these themes we have nothing new to suggest. Nor need we say more about Madame Patti's performance than that it displayed all those excellences which helped so materially to win a favourable reception for the opera last season. Signor Campana is fortunate in such a representative of his heroine. Madame Patti has made a veritable creation of the part—in some salient characteristics not unlike that which, a quarter of a century ago, enchanted all London, when Carlotta Grisi played Esmeralda, in the well-remembered ballet of M. Perrot and Signor Pagni, but with the added charm, it should be said, of perfectly exquisite singing. Madame Patti, in short, acts, sings, and dances equally well; and whether as the gay and heedless gipsy, the love-smitten maiden, or the victim of intolerant bigotry, is invariably true to the situation, and therefore invariably attractive. We need scarcely point to the animated song with the tambourine (Act II.) and the scene of the temporary delirium (Act III.), as the great features of a performance in every way admirable. Madame Patti was compelled by unanimous desire to repeat the first, and after the last she was unanimously summoned before the curtain. The other leading characters were sustained by Signor Naudin (Phœbus), who, as before, gave the martial air, "Son galante capitano," with wonderful spirit, earning, as before, a general "encore;" Signor Graziani (Claude Frolo); and Mdle. Scalchi (Estella). The opera was received with great applause throughout—thanks chiefly to the indefatigable exertions of Mdme. Patti.

It would scarcely be necessary to do more than record that the *Hamlet* of M. Ambroise Thomas was produced on Saturday, but for M. Faure's very remarkable impersonation of the principal character. Highly as this talented gentleman has been esteemed since he first appeared among us, his performance of *Hamlet* has raised him still higher. It is masterly from beginning to end—so much so as to compel us to forget that we are witnessing a *Hamlet* dressed up by a French librettist and set to music by a French composer. M. Faure cannot possibly have done otherwise than study the character from an English—by which, of course, is meant a Shaksperian—point of view. He is, in short, our English *Hamlet*. The conception is thoroughly intellectual, and carried out with an artistic elaboration worthy all praise. We shall not enter into details. Enough that the great situations—the first interview with the Ghost, the Play scene, and the scene between *Hamlet* and Gertrude, were each and all acted to perfection—the last, perhaps, being the most deeply thought out, and the most effective in proportion. We have always given M. Faure credit for remarkable histrionic power, but hardly thought him capable of so lofty a flight as he has attained in *Hamlet*. How he sings the studied and occasionally picturesque music of M. Thomas (composed expressly for him) may be easily imagined. His whole performance, we repeat, is masterly, and should be witnessed by every one who cares for art in its perfection. It was thoroughly appreciated by the audience, who applauded and recalled M. Faure repeatedly.

The Ophelia of Mdle. Sessi is precisely what it was last year—neither better nor worse, with many excellent points, and others more or less open to objection, but on the whole extremely clever and painstaking. The other characters were sustained by Signor Bagagiolo (Claudio), M. Jourdan (Laertes)—the original Laertes, we believe, in Paris; Signor Capponi (Ghost), Signor Tagliafico (Horatio), and Mdle. Csillag, whose impersonation of Gertrude the Queen was marked by the keenest intelligence and unquestionable dramatic power. In the great scene where *Hamlet* reproaches his mother, this clever Austrian lady was a fit associate for M. Faure. The performance of *Hamlet* generally, in so far as the music is concerned—music more than ordinarily trying and difficult—was creditable not only to the orchestra and chorus, but to Signor Bevnigani, the conductor. That the *mise en scène* was all that can be wished in splendour and completeness, those who have witnessed the representations of the opera in 1869 and 1870 will readily believe.

The operas this week have been *Il Trovatore*,—with Madame Patti (first time for many years) as Leonora, and Signor Mario (last time) as Manrico; *Fra Diavolo*, *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, and *Le Nozze di Figaro*—for the last appearance of Madame Lucca. *L'Etoile du Nord* is announced for this evening.

Meanwhile, Cimarosa's opera, *Le Astuzie Femminilli*, is positively in rehearsal, whatever may become of *Les Diamans de la Couronne* and other promised novelties.

NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 8, 1871.

OUR EDUCATORS.

SHORTLY after the Albert Hall threw open its doors to anybody who chose to wake the echoes of its reverberating interior, the Society of Arts gave two concerts intended as the beginning of an educational course which should redeem England from the disgrace of being an "unmusical nation." Nothing particular came of those two concerts. Their programmes were suggestive of what are called "miscellaneous" entertainments, rather than of influences more ennobling; and, measuring achievement by promise, the public laughed and forgot. In the interval between then and now, here and there a man may have thought of the Society of Arts and its scheme; wondering whether the Council had gone to sleep; or whether, like the famous parliament of "Nieuw Amsterdam," presided over by Woutar van Twiller, they had entered upon the stage of chronic doubt, and did nothing but smoke. Recent events show that the Council was neither asleep nor hesitating. The organ of the Society, for example, burst forth last Saturday with a deliverance upon the topic of national musical education. Here it is:—

The promotion of the study of music has continued to engage the attention of the Council and the Committee specially appointed to take charge of this subject. While all admit its importance in a national point of view, and while other countries actively give encouragement to it by maintaining public institutions specially established for aiding its study and instruction, this country has nothing of the kind; for the pitiful grant which has been made from the public funds to the Royal Academy of Music cannot be said to place that institution in the category of a public establishment, still less to compare with the national schools of music in France, Belgium, or Germany. The Council are taking steps for the establishment of a National Training School for Music; and, with a view of commencing the work, and raising a fund as a basis on which a beginning may be made, they have organized six concerts, to be given in the Royal Albert Hall, the proceeds of which are to be devoted to this purpose. Two of these concerts have already taken place, and the four remaining concerts are fixed for the Wednesdays in July. The Council strongly urge the members to help them in this great national work. In former times, some two hundred years ago, the cultivation of music was far more general among the people of this country than at present. History shows us that in those days both instrumental and vocal music were the common accomplishments of all with any pretension to a fair social position. No doubt political, religious, and social changes subsequently tended to discourage these habits; but whilst the causes which led to this discouragement have long since passed away, their influence has remained, and music is not so extensively cultivated as formerly. No public encouragement or facilities are given to its study. Whilst painting and the fine arts have long and with advantage had aid from the State, why should music be excluded from participating? The Council are about to bring the subject before the great City Companies and other trustees endowed with funds devoted either for the purposes of education or the advancement of the arts, in the hope of inducing them to give their assistance to the work in hand, by establishing scholarships or exhibitions for the study of music in connection with the school, the Council having pledged themselves to do the like if a school can be established on a satisfactory basis.

How reassuring is the first sentence of this generally consolatory article. Ho! all you good people who are concerned for the musical status of our dear country, be not cast down, neither be afraid; "the Council and the Committee specially appointed to take charge of this subject" are wide

awake, and hard at work. Do you demand their names and qualifications? If so, look in the *Musical World* of such and such a date, and see them enclosed in a neat frame, for preservation. Individually, they are not great men, we know. Indeed, it would be hard to say what personal qualifications are theirs, over and above the qualifications possessed by the same number of washed individuals taken at random—à la John Bright—from the passers through Temple Bar. But, collectively—ah! who can tell what may come of the contact between even such minds? Flint and steel are heavy substances; but from the two leap volatile sparks of fire, which, well blown upon, may enlighten a world. So with the "Council and the Committee specially charged," &c. Man by man they are unpromising; together they may achieve wonders.

Another concert was given in the Albert Hall on Wednesday; so that the Council and Committee are half through the first stage of their educational work. Note, we pray the reader, what was done. Of the principal artists, one—yes, one!—was English; for M^{me}. Sherrington sang the "Shadow Song" from *Dinorah*. All the others belong to the various nationalities which kindly come to educate us—for a Consideration. And the programme!—"Qui sdegno," a fantasia on *Lucia*, the "Carnaval de Venise," &c.—*proh pudor!*

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

"Offenbach at the Lyceum, Offenbach at the Gaiety, Offenbach at the Globe, Offenbach in all the provincial towns which travelling companies choose to visit!"—exclaims the acumenical dramatic critic of the *Times*, adding with pith—"Who shall say that foreign talent is neglected in this country?"

NINE out of the ten Hullah Prizes at the Society of Arts' Musical Examinations have been during the past five years won by Tonic Sol-Fa pupils, the competition based on the old notation. 206 of the 328 certificates of all classes granted fell to the lot of the Tonic Sol-Fa scholars. As regards the examination in musical compositions, by Mr. Macfarren, 142 certificates and 4 prizes have been awarded to Sol-Fa-ists. The result of the recent musical examinations by the Society of Arts has been that certificates for the theory of music have been issued to 72 candidates, and for composition to 127.

The closing of the Holborn Theatre, some time since, and Mr. Barry Sullivan's relinquishment of his laudable endeavours to find a sufficient public favourable to representations of the higher class of drama, was a subject of regret to many. But the argument of a failing exchequer is of a very convincing kind, and, as Aaron Hill said in the last century, "it is not a manager's business to be wise to empty boxes." Mr. Sullivan's tenancy of the Holborn extended over some nine months, and he certainly showed that he possessed "the courage of his opinions." He engaged a company of fair ability, and produced with care various works of fame new to the modern generation of play-goers. In many respects the plays at the Holborn Theatre were as well sustained as the condition of the stage would allow of. Applause and patronage were not wanting; but these did not take substantial forms. The expenses were in excess of the receipts. It is hard for a manager to find that the exertions which the provinces and colonies valued and rewarded should lack appreciation in London. Mr. Sullivan deserved to succeed; but the times were unfavourable for his enterprise, and, perhaps, the position of his theatre—midway between Eastern and Western London—interfered with its success. Melodrama, burlesque, and the legitimate drama, in turn failed to draw audiences to the Holborn.

The little town of Bonn, hid away in a winding of the Rhine, with its two hotels, resplendent in the season and desolate in the winter, is to be unusually gay this summer. A festival not unlike

our Handel celebration is to be held in honour of the great musician whose birthplace was in this town. The inhabitants point out the church in which Beethoven's father was organist, and the young composer took lessons as a choir boy, and near the church is a statue erected to his memory. Last September was the centenary of Beethoven's birth, but the Franco-Prussian war caused the postponement of its celebration. Hybrid enthusiasts who make a pilgrimage to Bonn, will probably continue their travels further east, and be present at a very different ceremony. Richard Wagner, who has published a pamphlet on the conduct of the theatrical representation of *Der Ring der Niebelungen*, reminds his friends of his old scheme of performing his grand trilogy founded upon the *Völsunga Saga*. If this be carried out, it will certainly be one of the most curious ever realized.

On the evening of Monday, the 3rd, Mr. G. W. Martin gave at Albert Hall a performance of the *Messiah*, with several singers of good repute for the solo music, and a large number of ladies and gentlemen for the chorus. Many of the latter were entirely ornamental, and of no manner of use, for they were mute during the singing, while some of them had the rudeness to leave at the beginning of the closing chorus. It may be inferred, then, that the music of Handel met with but an indifferent interpretation. The hall, however, was well filled, and presented a most elegant and striking appearance.

An eye-witness has given to a wondering world the following description of Herr Richard Wagner as he appeared when his "Kaiser March" was performed at Leipsic:—

"During the first bars he remained quietly in his seat, contenting himself with marking the time by motions of his head and hands. But this did not last very long. Soon he could not endure to sit still any more; at the first *fortissimo* he sprang up, loudly sang out the trombone passages, gesticulated with his clenched hands, and stamped his foot convulsively. The more fierce and noisy the composition became, the more exalted and convulsive grew his movements. All his gesticulations, and the ever-changing expressions of his face, were as a continued, uninterrupted commentary to the composition; sometimes comical, but always very suggestive. I seem to see him yet, as he depicted, so to speak, a flourish of the trombone;—he stood leaning forward, clenching his right hand, like a boxer, fixing his eyes upon the instruments, and at the decisive moment throwing out his hand with marvellous energy, as though he meant to annihilate some invisible, deadly enemy, while he uttered a piercing 'Tra!' that went through and through me. Most delightful, too, was his representation of the rests. He extended both arms as far as possible, swiftly moving his hands up and down, as though to imitate the fluttering of a frightened bat, suddenly raising them to mark the conclusion. While he gave himself up to these exercises, he sang, and screamed and talked, obeying the impulses of the moment without any restraint, imitating the bassoons, the flutes, the kettle drums, and even giving appropriate expression to the more delicate shadings, by graceful noddings of the head, and wavings of the hand. He appears, however, to inspire the performing artists with his own warmth and enthusiasm, for I had never heard our orchestra play with such fire, such passionate earnestness, as it did to-day, under the demoniac influence of R. W."

What are we to think of this behaviour? Can it be the beginning of a new phase in the Prophet's career akin to the Howling Dervishism of the East, or the Tarantella dances of the Neapolitans? Seriously, Herr Wagner in a concert-room is becoming doubly a nuisance.

OWED TO BULLOCK.

O Bullock, thy sweet muse, with bright seraphic face,
Nine power in one, one as in life, so strong;
The nine are none, thy heavy horns, thy horny ears so long,
Clean out their eye have put, and nought stands in its place.
O Bullock, floating in a sea of sweet,
O moving Bullock, "yet at rest away,"
Ah me! an enviable state, alas, is his,
Who craves for pity on the drowning meat,
While me who liveth seeks to learn each day
What happy mixture bull-beef and molasses is.
Thy sea of notes, each note a C, that sweetly came and went,
Like all things earthly, human, woman, fickle,
That sprayed thy hide, and sprayed thy aids intent
In sweetness from thy long-tailed form did treacle trickle,
So in the boiling vortex find we left
Of hope, of hide, of skin, of bones bereft—
A sense of Beef!

DON-KEY.*

* Supposed to be a euphemistic pseudonym for the late Benjamin Barabbas Benwell.—A. S. S.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

One of the "ancient lines" to which this society adheres with all the force of its strictly conservative instincts is that limiting the season to eight concerts, neither more nor less. The eighth concert of the present season took place in St. James's Hall on Monday last; and now, consequently, is the time for a brief retrospect. In the fifty-ninth year of its existence, the society performed five pieces of English music, and at least sixty works by foreign composers. We will not insist upon the suggestion arising herefrom, that little has been done during more than half a century for the development of native talent. Passing this, let us be thankful as those are who expect nothing—for the small mercy of five English pieces. Further, let us be thankful that the directors, while making a limited choice, made a good one. Three of the quintet of favoured works were the overtures to *The Wood Nymphs* and *Paradise and the Peri*, and the pianoforte concerto in F minor of Sir W. Sterndale Bennett, than which nothing could more worthily represent such home-grown genius as we are able to boast of. The illustration of Moore's poem—an illustration we do not hesitate to style one of the loveliest examples of "applied" music extant—was given on Monday; while the concerto had a place in the scheme immediately preceding, and was played by Madame Arabella Goddard, who takes a pleasure in vindicating—as she is well able to do—the genius of her distinguished countryman. Both were heard with delight; in the one case the orchestra, in the other the gifted pianist, deserving all the honours bestowed. The remaining English compositions were a scene from Mr. G. A. Macfarren's *Robin Hood*, and a very masterly overture to *Cymbeline* by Mr. Cipriani Potter—such an overture as, in any country where native "prophets" are honoured, would be a stock piece.

Turning to the foreign music, we find French art represented by Auber and M. Gounod, the latter composer having the lion's share of attention, for reasons which his residence among us explain and justify. Next year, perhaps, the directors will not be under an obligation to honour one man at the expense of so many others. Italian music has largely provided the society with vocal pieces; the only orchestral works of this nationality being Cherubini's fine overture to *Les Deux Journées*, and concertos written for their respective instruments by Paganini, Sivi, Bottesini, and Viotti, the first two of which were played by Signor Sivi; the last, in capital style, by Herr Straus, who continues worthily to hold the leading violin of the society's orchestra. German music makes up the bulk of the season's doings, as a matter of course; and though Beethoven received so much attention last year, he again heads the list with five symphonies, one overture, *Leonora*, one pianoforte concerto (in C minor), and the violin concerto. Nobody has complained of this, we may well believe. Such persistent honour belongs to the majesty of Beethoven. Other symphonies have been chosen from the works of Haydn (2), Mendelssohn (2), Mozart (3), Schubert (1); Spohr (1); while of four concertos Handel has contributed one, Mendelssohn two, and Schumann one. Among the composers of the overtures the name of Herr Richard Wagner appears only in connection with his *Rienzi* prelude—a fact suggesting that the "future" is still a long way off, and that the prophet's followers need still be patient.

On the whole, the Philharmonic Society has done a good season's work—how, we have several times described. There is yet room for improvement in the orchestral department; but as, probably, no one is better aware of this than the conductor, Mr. W. G. Cusins, we may leave the matter in his hands.

THE HANDEL COMMEMORATION RINGS.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—While the Handel Festival of this year is still fresh in the memory of the public, it may not be out of place to mention that one of the memorial rings made expressly for the directors of the old "Handel Commemoration" of 1784 is now in the possession of Joah Fury Bates, Esq., a grandson of the Joah Bates whose name is so closely connected with Handelian lore. It is believed that eight or ten of these rings were made. What has become of the others I am not at present in a position to state, but, by the kindness of Mr. Bates, that which has descended to him from his grandfather is now before me. It is of plain gold, with a framed portrait of Handel, printed in black on white satin, and the inscription, "G. F. Handel, Ob. April 14, 1759, Æt. 75." The frame, which is of gold like the ring, and in one piece with it, is of an oval shape, narrowed and nearly pointed at each end, and is about an inch and a half long by three-quarters of an inch broad. The ring, take it altogether, is a handsome and curious relic, and it would not be uninteresting to trace the history of its companions, if any of your readers can do so.

Custom House, June 26, 1871.

A. R.

NEW PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

The season terminated on Wednesday with a *Conversazione* in St. George's Hall. A large company attended; and the musical portion of the evening's entertainment gave much satisfaction. Among those who contributed to the programme were M. and Madame Vignier, Mdle. Hermione Pollitzer; Mdle. Fernandez, Mr. Benthams, M. Léschitsky, Mdle. Léon Duval, Mdle. Bauermeister; Herr Nordblom, Signor Caravoglia, Miss Hemrick, Signor Rizelli, Mr. and Mrs. Hirschfield, Mdme. Demeric Lablache, and the London Glee and Madrigal Union.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

MR. BRINLEY RICHARDS' last *matinée d'invitation* for the season at the Assembly Rooms, Palace Avenue, Kensington, was fully and fashionably attended. The appearance of the room was elegant, and the orchestra was tastefully ornamented with flowers and ferns. Some of Mr. Richards' amateur pupils (the Misses Peach, Lovel, Buckmaster, Cocks, the sisters Banting, and Archer) played with success several solos and duets, and reflected credit on their instructor. The professional assistants were Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Rebecca Jewell, Mdle. Angèle, Miss Edmonds, and Mr. John Thomas. Mr. Richards played several of his most popular pieces, including his charming romance, "Ethel;" studies by Henselt and Chopin. Some of his vocal music was also given with success, among which were "The Pilgrim's Path," sung charmingly by Miss Edith Wynne, and a new trio, "Hither, come hither," for ladies' voices, which was given to advantage by the fair vocalists, Misses Edith Wynne, Edmonds, and Angèle. Mr. W. H. Thomas accompanied the vocal music on the pianoforte. The success attending these *matinées* will, no doubt, induce Mr. Richards shortly to announce another series.

MR. FRANK ELMORE AND MADAME S. ELMORE'S CONCERT took place on Thursday, at the residence of the *bénéficiaires*, 30, Colville Square. Madame Elmore, who is a capital pianist, played Mendelssohn's sonata, in B flat, with M. Albert, the violoncellist; Sir Jules Benedict's sonata *concertante*, with Herr Ries (violin) and Herr Oberthur (harp); and, with the composer, a pianoforte duo from *Lucresia*, all with excellent effect. Mr. Elmore sang, in his usual style, several popular songs. Messrs. Albert, Ries, Humbert, and Oberthur, each played solos on their respective instruments. Fraulein Mehlhorn, the Misses Annie Sinclair, Elsie Clifford, Rosamunda and Clara Doria, sang also solos and duets, the last named artist making a great impression in John Barnett's popular new song, "The Parted." Mr. Lewis Thomas sang as he always does well—Donizetti's "Ah non avea," and a song by Poniatowski. Sir Jules Benedict, with Messrs. J. G. Callcott and Carter, were announced as conductors.

On Saturday, the 1st inst., Madame Adolphe Fumagalli gave her *matinée*, which began with a Beethoven Sonata for pianoforte and violin, the executants being Mdle. Emma Fumagalli and Herr Straus. Mdle. Fumagalli exhibits qualities foreshadowing a high position among pianists. United to considerable power and great execution, appear clearness of touch and judgment in phrasing. Her shake is particularly good. Mdle. Fumagalli subsequently played two *morceaux* by Chopin, and two solos by Adolphe Fumagalli, "A une fleur" and "Buena ventura." The latter is a piece well worthy the attention of amateurs, being brilliant and rhythmical. Mdle. Fumagalli was recalled, and loudly applauded on each occasion. Herr Straus played in his usual first-rate style, and Signori Rizelli and Franceschi sang well. Madame Fumagalli—last, not least—sang a duet with Signor Rizelli, in a trio with the two gentlemen, and an aria from the *Fille du Regiment*. In this solo she was loudly encored, and on her return she sang a melodious waltz, "Il mio centu," by Luigi Badia. The concert was, in all points, satisfactory.

H. L.

On Monday evening Mr. G. W. Martin commenced the eleventh season of the National Choral Society's meetings, at Albert Hall, which, large as it is, was well filled. The solos were allotted to Miss Matilda Scott, soprano; Miss Helen D'Alton, contralto; Mr. George Perren, tenor; and Mr. Lander, bass. Miss Scott sang all her songs with good emphasis and clear pronunciation. Her lower notes appeared somewhat weak, but her high notes were sufficiently powerful to be heard all over the vast space. Miss D'Alton and Mr. Lander sang well, and Mr. Perren, whose skill and proficiency in Handel's music, and whose voice and talents are too well known for comment, was encored in the air "Thou shalt break them." Mr. Martin has his band and chorus under the most complete command, and the ease and certainty with which he conducts so large a body of executants is very noticeable. With few exceptions the choruses were admirably sung, one, "For unto us a child is born," being encored. The trumpet was played by Mr. Harper, and Mr. Boardman presided at the organ.

H. L.

A MORNING CONCERT was given at 7, Buckingham Gate, on Saturday, by Herr Ernst Stoeger, a pianist and composer of acknowledged excellence. The *bénéficiaire* displayed his talents in several classical and popular selections, including Schubert's Quintet, *La Truite*; a Toccato by Bach; some studies by Chopin, and a Novelette, together with some *morceaux de salon*, from his own pen. In all these Herr Stoeger appeared to much advantage, and obtained much applause. He was assisted by Signor Sivori, MM. Wäfelghem, Avierno, White, Madame de Gourieff, Signor Urio, and others.

MR. PHASEY, the celebrated euphonium player, and bandmaster of the St. George's Rifles, gave a concert on Monday evening, at St. George's Hall. Mr. Phasey played, in his usual excellent manner, "Robert toi que j'aime," with harp and cor anglais accompaniment by M. Dabruac and Mr. A. Lockwood, which was encored. He also conducted a most excellent selection from *The Lily of Killarney*, which was loudly applauded. M. Dabruac played an oboe solo with taste and judgment; his tone and execution were all that could be desired. Mr. A. Lockwood gave Ap Thomas's *Fantasia Hibernia*, for the harp, and Mr. W. Biggs a pianoforte solo, both artists receiving much applause. With regard to a "New Grand Pas Redoublé," and a new valse, "The Spirit of Beauty," let us say that surely Mr. Phasey might have selected from the thousand and one good pieces published for a military band a satisfactory composition, instead of two vapid and flatulent pieces, unworthy of his talent and of his band. Miss Emmett, with Messrs. Temple, Maybrick, and Frank Elmore, gave several songs, and the first two in Balfé's duet, "Think a Sailor is Faithful," created a favourable impression. A performance by the Mohawk Minstrels occupied the second portion of Mr. Phasey's concert. Messrs. Corelli Bere and M. Lawson accompanied the vocal music.

MISS KATE GORDON gave her annual concert at St. George's Hall, on Tuesday evening, when an excellent selection of vocal and instrumental music was given. Amongst the attractions were songs charmingly rendered by Miss Emrick, Mdle. de Villiers, Mdle. Spezia, Mdles. Bauermeister and Drasdil, Signor Celli, Mr. Charles Stanton. Mdle. Thérèse Liebe gave one of *Vieuxtemps'* violin solos with all that taste which so remarkably distinguishes the female violinists of the day. Mr. Horatio Chipp played a violoncello fantasia on Spohr's favourite air, "Rose softly blooming," with great skill; and M. Felice Bitti executed Tulou's 12th Concerto for the flute with the highest effect. Misses Powell, Manning, Herbert, and Battye, pupils of Miss Kate Gordon, rendered several pianoforte *morceaux* in a style which reflected much credit on their able teacher; and Herr Oberthur enchanted the audience with one of his own delightful compositions on the harp, rendered with all the taste peculiar to this master of his instrument. Last, but by no means least, we must do justice to the admirable performance of the fair *bénéficiaire*, who not only proved herself a complete mistress of her instrument, but in her clever interpretations of different masters carried off the honours of the evening, and commanded an enthusiastic encore in a grand fantasia of Jael's, on airs from *Norma*. A very interesting recitation was also contributed by Mrs. Dauncey Maskell, and the music was ably accompanied by Messrs. Carder, Carter, and Herr Lehmeier.

THE last concert of the Schubert Society for this season, given for the benefit of the director, Herr Schubert, took place on Wednesday, 28th of June, the rooms being crowded. The first part of the programme consisted of Schumann's vocal and instrumental compositions, including his fantasia Stucke for violin and piano, Herr Ludwig and Mdle. Zellner. Solo pianoforte, Carneval Scene, and solo violoncello, *Abendlied*, Herr Schubert. The vocal pieces were "Widnung,"—Mdle. Mira; and another of his charming songs, introducing Miss Galloway (pupil of Madame Rudersdorff), who was very much applauded. The second part was miscellaneous, and opened with Hummel's trio in E flat, played by Herren Hause, Ludwig, and Schubert. The other instrumental pieces were a solo for pianoforte,—Mdle. Zellner and Herr Hause; a solo for violin, Herr Ludwig; a solo for violoncello, Mdle. di Katow, and a solo for guitar, Madame Pratten, who was encored in her own "Lord Raglan" march. The vocal pieces included a ballad, sung with much feeling by Mr. Stedman; a song, (A. Thomas), Mdle. Deschamps; an air, (Mozart), Mdle. Mira, and two charming songs of Schubert, Miss Galloway. Mr. H. Parker and Herr Schubert conducted. The concert was a success, and Herr Schubert may well be satisfied with the excellent termination of his fifth season.

TO BULLOCK.

Ephraim says that Ben's uncivil,
And in good taste calls Ben "the Devil;"
His rhyme is weak, but let that pass,
He's not a Bullock, but an ass.

NATHANIEL NAPLESS.

MUSIC AT MALVERN. (From our *Hoar Correspondent*.)

This genial and attractive spot was on Tuesday, 27 inst., enlivened by a concert of high character. Many of the devotionally disposed residents at Malvern Link set themselves in right earnest to do all in their power to place a new organ in St. Mathias Church, in the above parish. St. Mathias Church is peacefully nestled in a sequestered spot at the Link. The varied scenes from the Temple are as enchanting as they are rich and productive, and it is pleasing to see and hear so many of our rustics roaming about descending on the beauties of their pastoral and progressive Link of Malvern. It was only a few years gone, the houses, like angels' visits, were "few and far between;" now they are springing up like mushrooms. It now boasts of its 5,000 inhabitants, with its splendid houses, terraces, villas, hotel, all fascinating and enchanting to the stranger; while the approach from Newland, via Link, to Malvern, is as lovely as the most poetic mind can pourtray, affording pleasures to many who handle the brush, sketching the romantic attractions which beneficent nature has in goodness favoured their spot. Many families of high distinction are residents, and no marvel! situated as it is under charming Malvern lovely heights.

The organ at St. Mathias being quite unfit for modern times, the esteemed rector, Rev. Acton Davies, found many coadjutors to assist him in this devotional undertaking. His good son, Captain Davies, who has "done the State some service," having returned from foreign climes, he, with the courteous manager at the old bank, Mr. Brown, resolved to put their great heads together, by their meritorious and zealous labours with others interested were ready at once to go hand and heart about project, and we hail their success with jubilant joy.

The administration of the church is solemn and devout. No tawdry embellishment daub this house of prayer. The service is neither High, Low, or Broad, simply sticking to forms, as left by our glorious reformers.

To place a new organ in this tabernacle, the concert commended itself to many of the high families who are now visiting under the everlasting Hills.

The bare mention of the subject brought all the *élite* of the town to the concert. The room was tastefully adorned, the handy work of many urbane ladies being visible, much to their commendation.

We append programme *—The overture to *Zampa* was fairly rendered, but we protest against these grunting harmoniums making their insidious way in concert rooms. If a band is not at hand, why not open with some *moreau* on piano? Though we are not fortunate to be able always to have such distinguished London players, still, locally, we have Mr. Haynes, whose talents, locally, are well known. Certainly it would be a pleasing transition to hear him on a Broadwood's Grand, in some of Beethoven's profound writings, than recognizing grunting and hideous harmoniums which never can supply the brilliancy and crispness of strings. If any proof was wanting, only to refer back to a concert not long ago given, when Sir Sterndale Bennett's *May Queen* was given, the "harmonium" taking place of the rightful accompaniment and bringing the splendid composition to grief. The immediate attraction of the concert was Mrs. Haynes' name on programme. This lady's presence for many years at concerts has been conspicuous by her absence. Some nine years gone, when Mr. Haynes inaugurated the opening of his room, she then united with Miss Moss, Madame Sainton-Dolby, with others distinguished in the profession. Since that period she has not appeared in public. In all allotted to her she was magnificent, and deserved the *furor* of applause she heartily received. For years she was on the Continent studying the profession, so all were enraptured with her classic delivery of songs. Mrs. Davies, wife of the martial captain, sang sweetly indeed. This lady is a pleasure to hear, no florid ornamentation, what she done was simply unadorned, and great reverence for the author. We hope to listen to this charming songstress again. Mrs. Varley was not up to the mark, indeed her second song was half a note flat all through, which was not pleasing to hear. Mr. Brown sang with Mrs. Davies very neatly. Though his voice is not as it was of yore, still he is a musician, and knows what he is about well. Keeping close to his text, Friend Brown you did rightly. Gallant Captain Davies done his best, singing in a spirited manner. The Rev. A. Sewell gave "Tis jolly to hunt" (*May Queen*). If this gentleman is right, all the great singers who have adorned Christendon are wrong. We should like to know if it is proper to use a tremolo in all the songs he sings. We protest against such unknown ways. It is his great drawback. We hope he will amend his ways, possessing a fair organ. We should listen to him with more pleasure if it was not for such glaring and erroneous faults.

The Part II. was chiefly noticeable for Mrs. Haynes' song. She electrified all present. All the florid passages were brilliantly achieved.

* (No you don't.—Ed.)

She sang as only an artist can sing. Her sustained shake was perfect; indeed, her declamatory power and all was given with that musical culture and perfection that stamped her the gem of all.

Song, "Revenge, Timotheus cries!" Again the gentleman's voice is not sufficient for this grand song. The rapid runs were executed perfect. The voice is too thin, therefore impossible to render this great song as it should be. Forcing nature is not right, therefore it is not singing.

The part songs were capitally given by Philharmonic Society, many of the young ladies' voices telling delicious. We recognize many young ladies at their post since the dawn of the Society, congratulating them most sincerely on their rise in the intelligent art. The part-songs were not perfect, as they certainly would but for one of the tenors, whose coarse voice spoils much by screaming and bawling.

Mr. Haynes sings with sound judgment. We regret he was suffering from great indisposition. The concert was brought to a close by Mr. Rogers's glorious rendering of the National Anthem.

In conclusion we must say in a place like Malvern, Worcester so close, a string quartet in so long a concert would be desirable. The continued monotony of song-singing is an affliction—nay, a nuisance. So long as we have a genius like Mr. Spray resident in Malvern, who is a splendid violin and cello performer, we don't see why we should have thrust down us songs in abundance, constant monotony becoming stale, flat, and unprofitable. One of the great drawbacks in most local concerts is this crying evil:—no doubt many amateurs like to hear themselves chirp, but those who know what music is would wander a mile or so to hear the immortal inspirations of Haydn, Mozart, or Colossus Beethoven to those drawing-room dittys, which the refined can hardly tolerate.

Hallow the Hole, July 3.

HOLMES OF HALLOW.

P.S.—We must not omit to remark Mr. Elzy, the courteous manager at Mr. Haynes's, done all in his power to add to the comforts of all assembled. Nothing was wanting, so perfect were arrangements.

LINDSAY SLOPER'S FAREWELL.

In view of his early departure for America, Mr. Lindsay Sloper's concert on Wednesday took the nature of a farewell. The familiar room in Hanover Square was crowded by an audience which included several well-known amateurs. Mr. Sloper played with his usual taste, unerring neatness, and delicacy of touch, the Beethoven sonata in A; *moreau* by Chopin, Heller, and one of his own compositions. He also took part with Mr. Osborne in a new duet for two pianofortes, composed by that gentleman, themes in *Don Giovanni*, the "La ci darem" forming the groundwork of the piece.

The list of assisting artists was decidedly attractive. Mr. Cummings, who will accompany Mr. Sloper to America, met with especial favour in his rendering of a little French song by David. Mr. Santley—also on Transatlantic thoughts intent—sang a charming ballad of his own composition, and a new song by Hatton, a brightly vociferous strain, in which a sailor tells his love for home. Mr. Maybrick, Miss Enriquez, and Madame Corani, all appeared to good advantage in selections well suited to their differing styles. The violinist, Miss Thérèse Liebe, and the violoncellist, Signor Pezze, also lent their aid to the success of a very pleasing concert.

A CORRECTION CORRECTED.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—My attention has been drawn to a letter in this day's *Musical World* from Mr. Wallworth, headed "A Correction," in which he states that he "entirely" trained and developed Mdle. Alvina Valeria's voice, and greatly formed her "style," &c., &c. I am most happy to accord to Mr. Wallworth whatever credit is due to him for "training" Mdle. Valeria's voice during the time she was a pupil at the Royal Academy of Music—June, 1867, to June, 1868—when singing was her second study (the pianoforte being her first). For the last three years Mdle. Valeria has been entirely under my tuition for vocal music. I therefore leave it to the public to judge whether the appellation "Pupil of Signor Arditi," quoted by your valuable journal and by your contemporary *The Morning Advertiser*, is not fully justified.—I am, Sir, yours obediently,

LUIGI ARDITI.

41, Albany Street, Regent's Park, July 1st.

MAYENCE.—Among the French officers, prisoners here, was a grandson of Boieldieu's. One day he received a free pass for the Theatre, together with the following letter from the manager, Herr L'Arronge: "Mayence, 20th January, 1871. Sir,—Having heard that among the French officers in this town there is the grandson of the celebrated composer of *La Dame Blanche*, *Jean de Paris*, etc., may I beg you to accept the enclosed pass as a tribute to the memory of a composer so highly esteemed in Germany."

WAIFS.

Mr. and Mrs. Patey are rustication in the wolds of Devonshire.

Mr. Santley and Mr. Charles Lyall started yesterday on a trip to Swiss Oberland.

Signor Giulio Alary is about to give a *matinée musicale* at Dudley House, by permission of the noble owner.

Mdlle. Marimon being still indisposed, Mdlle. Léon Duval was again her substitute in *La Figlia del Reggimento* on Thursday night.

A new tenor, Signor Prudenza, is about to appear at Her Majesty's Opera.

The Mozart and Beethoven Society, of which the Right Hon. the Earl Vane is president, announce their opening concert for Tuesday, at St. George's Hall. Herr Schuberth is the conductor.

Mr. John Francis Barnett, has been solicited to compose two songs for Mr. Vernon Rigby and Mr. Lewis Thomas; to be sung at the next Gloucester Festival.

Mr. Charles Lyall has been engaged by Mr. Max Strakosch for the forthcoming season of Italian (Nilsson) Opera in the United States. *Tant mieux* for Mr. Max Strakosch and the Italian (Nilsson) Opera.

Madame Patti (La Marquise de Caux) and the Marquis de Caux had the honour of an invitation to the Garden Party of the Prince and Princess of Wales, Chiswick.

Signor Arditi and Signor Gardoni had the honour of receiving invitations to the Garden Party of the Prince and Princess of Wales, at Chiswick.

Sir Julius Benedict has again accepted the post of Conductor of the Norwich Festival, which is to take place in the autumn of next year. His oratorio, *St. Peter*, will be performed on the occasion, and probably a new symphony from his experienced and facile pen.

A brass band contest is announced to take place in the grounds of Howley Hall, Batley, Yorkshire, under the management of Mr. Richard Smith, of Hull, on the fifth of August next. Over one thousand performers will attend, it being open to all England.

Madame Palmieri, an Englishwoman, who sang in English opera when Miss Louisa Pyne (Mrs. Bodda) and the late Mr. Harrison were the directors of Covent Garden, has been lately a special favourite at the San Carlo in Naples.

In Italy, at the Politeama of Florence, Verdi's *Luisa Miller* and the ballet, *Cleopatra*, served for the opening last month; at Bologna, Signor Marchetti's last opera, *Ruy Blas*, has been performed, for the first time; at the Teatro Brunetti the operatic company directed by Signor Natali has appeared in *Il Matrimonio Segreto* and other operas.

We understand that the author of "Reminiscences of Balfe" is preparing for publication some reminiscences of his artistic friends, more especially those who have been connected with the Italian Operas. Amateurs of music, and the play-going public in general, may therefore expect a fund of amusing anecdotes, and interesting information, which, however, we hope will be retailed with discretion.

The New York *Tribune* says:—"Miss Kellogg having been advertised to sing three songs at a concert in Waterbury, Conn., the American of that town calculates that by a judicious demand for encores she may be induced to make the three six. 'Six songs by Miss Kellogg' exclaims this shrewd connoisseur, 'to be had in our own City Hall—tickets, one dollar! Frequently have two dollars been paid to hear her sing two songs in the large halls in the great cities.' The fine Yankee instinct for a bargain never was more naively displayed. And what a commentary upon the imposition of encores!"

At Cagliari, in the island of Sardinia, an opera by Signora Carlotta Ferrari, entitled *Eleonora d'Arborea*, has received an enthusiastic welcome. Not only was the composer called before the curtain twelve times on the first performance, but on the tenth a shower of bouquets fell on the Signora, a crown of laurel leaves was presented to her, poems were composed in her honour, and a ball given to commemorate the event, while the musical amateurs of Cagliari serenaded the fair authoress. *Ugo* and *Sojia* are two earlier operas of Signora Ferrari, who, as a poetess and a dramatist, has earned golden opinions in Sardinia.

The English Opera company at the Princess's Theatre, Melbourne, of which Madame Simonson, Mrs. Fox, Messrs. Beaumont, Farley, and Johnson, are principals, have been singing in Wallace's *Maritana* and *Lurline*, Balfe's *Satanella*, M. Offenbach's *Grand Duchess*, Weber's *Der Freischütz*, Donizetti's *Daughter of the Regiment*, and Haydn's *Creation*. Mrs. Cordner, Miss James, Mrs. Conduit, and Mr. A. Fairfax, the "Hussy troupe," have been singing an oratorio at Sydney, under the direction of Mr. James Shakespeare. *Norma* has been performed at Adelaide, by amateurs. The local Philharmonic Society have executed Romberg's *Song of the Bell* and Handel's *Acis and Galatea*.

The absence of the Royal Family from the Handel Festival is the only circumstance which can be mentioned in connection with the very successful gathering as a cause for regret. Regarding it on national grounds as a great meeting of the people for a noble object, the presence of Royal visitors would have been a matter for satisfaction, while as an art celebration it certainly deserved recognition. In strange contrast to this it is noticeable that, during the week, the "Two-headed Nightingale" performed, by Royal command, at Buckingham Palace. Verily "facts are stubborn things."—Choir.

The Bostonians are getting ready for the annual convention of the National Musical Congress, to meet at the Music Hall, on the 20th, 21st, and 22nd instant. Besides the transaction of business, discussions, reading of papers, and illustrations of elementary teaching, there will be, on Tuesday, a miscellaneous concert of jubilee music by a chorus one thousand strong, orchestra, great organ, &c., conducted by Messrs. Zerrahn and Gilmore; on Wednesday a chorus of children from the Boston public schools, with illustrations of methods in instruction; and on Thursday a grand vocal and instrumental concert, in the afternoon, to be followed in the evening by the oratorio of *The Creation*, with a chorus of one thousand voices from the Boston and other choral societies.

THE CONSERVATIVE LAND SOCIETY.—At the 75th quarterly meeting of the shareholders, held at the offices, Norfolk Street, Strand, on the 4th inst., Viscount Ranelagh in the chair, the report of the executive committee was presented and adopted. It states that the receipts for the three quarters ending at Midsummer were £96,170 10s. 5d., and the grand totals to the same date £1,679,530 5s. 7d. The withdrawals, £431,527 18s. 6d. The Reserve Fund stands at £10,500. The last share number, issued on the 24th June, was 36033, which, at £50 per share, represents a subscribed capital of £1,806,650. Amongst the directors and members present were Viscount Ranelagh, Chairman, Col. Brownlow Knox, the Hon. and Rev. W. Talbot, the Hon. Robert Bourke, M.P., Col. Jervis, M.P., Mr. J. Goodson, Mr. T. K. Holmes, Mr. C. E. Newman, Mr. N. W. J. Strode, Mr. N. Winstanley, Mr. C. L. Gruneisens (Secretary), Mr. John Ashdown, Mr. W. Lowther, M.P., Mr. J. Hugh Thomson, &c., &c.

A writer in the *Orchestra* thus explains the influence which Wagner appears to have over a certain class of young musicians:—

"They delight in his works because they feel the possibility, the growing, if not the present, power of doing just as much as soon as they shall have sufficiently mastered the technical forms of the art. They perceive that these productions are but the direct, unclothed expression of certain passions and emotions which they too possess,—nay, which we all possess in common, and give utterance to in some shape or other, or could, if we received the proper training, and which they too will certainly be able to embody, at some time or other, in new and unheard-of vocal and instrumental combinations and effects. If this man be a genius, having done this, I too am a genius, for I too can do this—is the secret sentiment, whether acknowledged and confessed or unconsciously cherished, makes little difference; and of course the '*Anch' io son pittore*!' feeling is altogether too pleasant and delightful not to be grasped at, and clung fast to, at the very first opportunity. No wonder they hail as an apostle and a Messiah the man who inspires them with so great an idea of their own gifts, so firm a conviction of, and confidence in, their own creative power. Were his creed universally accepted, the world, in the expressive words of a friend, would soon be swarming with geniuses. Yet I scarcely fear that such will ever be the case. I believe that with 'Wagner's death the music of the future will at once become a thing of the past, and ere long perish entirely, as many another system, containing no elements of life, no germs of immortal existence, passed away with its founder.'"

A writer to the *Western Presbyterian* (American) thus describes the singing as he heard it, recently, of Mr. Spurgeon's congregation:—

"The hymn was read entirely through, and each verse was read before it was sung. The singing was started—not led—by a person who stood beside Mr. Spurgeon. I welcomed the familiar notes of 'Old Hundred,' and for the first time for several months essayed to join in singing it. But I was surprised into silence by the manner in which the audience took possession of the tune. The most powerful organ, if there had been any thing of the kind used, could not have led them. The second hymn was announced to be 'Jesus, Lover of my Soul.' The preacher said, 'Let us sing this precious hymn softly to the tune of "Pleyel's Hymn." When the first verse had been sung, and after he had read the second, he said, 'Sing it softly!' With a countenance uplifted, and beaming with fervour, his book in both hands, keeping time involuntarily to the music, he sang with the congregation. When he read the third verse, he said, 'You do not sing softly enough!' They sang it softly. It was as though some mighty hand had dammed up the waters of the falls of Niagara, leaving a thin sheet to creep through between two fingers, and make soft sweet music in its great lap, and then plunge into the great basin below. Then, when he had read the fourth verse, he said, 'Now, if we feel this, we will sing it with our souls. Let us sing with all our might.' And the great congregation burst forth into song. It was as though the great hand had been suddenly uplifted, and the gathered waters were rushing on their united way in awful grandeur."

We learn from Vienna that Wagner's opera of *Rienzi* has been the only novelty of the season: the first representation was given on May 30th with success, but it created no enthusiasm. In the final scene, at the moment when the capitol falls, Mdle. Rabatinsky was grievously hurt by a tumble of the front wall. Without wasting her time in swooning, the sprightly singer immediately declared that she renounced for ever the operas of Wagner, who, not content with requiring all the vocal talent in his interpreters, finishes by demanding their bodies to produce a scenic effect. After this event, which happily was not of great consequence, a general panic set in. The Assurance Societies have refused to insure the lives of any member of the *personnel* of the opera, alleging the extraordinary risk of their profession. The tenors of the chorus absolutely declined to sing their high notes for fear of causing another catastrophe, and the ladies of the ballet immediately addressed to the directors a demand for an increase of salary, when performing in operas in which ruins and inundations were employed; they further asked for double salaries when playing in works in which fire was used, and absolutely declined to appear unless they were guaranteed against impromptu casualties on the part of the stage carpenters.—*Musical Standard*.

MENICH.—The committee of the General German "Sangerbund" have determined on holding a grand national German Vocal Festival here in 1872.

AIX-LE-CHAPPELLE.—Herr Robert Pflughaupt, who enjoyed no inconsiderable amount of respect in German musical circles, died here on the 12th June. The cause of his death was dropsy on the chest, from which disease he had been suffering for some weeks. Robert Pflughaupt was born on the 4th August, 1833, at Berlin, where he studied composition under Professor Dehn. In Berlin he made the acquaintance of his late wife, Sophie Pflughaupt, the pianist, who died here on the 10th November, 1867. After his marriage, he settled in St. Petersburg, and continued his pianoforte studies under Henselt. In 1864, he moved with his young wife to Weimar, where Franz Liszt received them cordially. Under Liszt's guidance, Robert Pflughaupt now pursued his pianoforte studies. In 1862 he settled here. Since his wife's death, he devoted himself exclusively to composition and instruction.

BOX.—On the 15th July, the seventh vocal festival of the Rhishian Vocal Union will be celebrated in conjunction with the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Bonn "Concordia" in the Beethoven Hall, under the direction of Herr Brambach. The solo singers will be Madame Wilt, from the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna; Herr Carl Hill, from Schwerin; and Herr Jos. Wolff. The programme will include the Overture to *Iphigenie in Aulis*, Gluck; "Gesang der Geister über den Wassern," Schubert; chorus by the Cologne Männergesang-Verein; soprano air (sung by Madame Wilt); "Lotosblume," Schumann; "Ersatz für Unbestand," Mendelssohn; "Das grosse deutsche Vaterland," Rietz; and "Alceste," for solo, chorus, and orchestra, Brambach.

VIENNA.—The Imperial Operahouse brought its season to a close with a grand gala performance in honour of the King of Greece.—A marked improvement has been manifested in the management since Herr Herbeck assumed the reins of power. The receipts have been greater and the expenditure less than during the same period last year. The theatre was open, from the 1st January last, 155 evenings, the number of operas performed being 119, and of ballets 36. The old operas with a new *mise-en-scène*, that is: given for the first time in the new house, were *Le Postillon de Longjumeau*, *Rigoletto*, *Der fliegende Holländer*, and *Le Domino noir*. *Rienzi* was new. *Hamlet* will most probably be produced next season, and the ballet *Fantaska*. Among the old operas given for the first time in the new house will be *La Dame Blanche*, *Euryanthe*, and *L'Etoile du Nord*. In August Herren Niemann, Betz, and Schelper will fulfil a short engagement each.—Herr Anton Rubenstein has arrived here. He will assume the direction of the Gesellschaftsconcerts next winter.

MDLLE. CARLOTTA PATTI.—*El Heraldo de Lima*, of the 22nd April, speaking of this fair artist, goes into perfect ecstasies of delight. Among other things it says:—"Lucia di Lammermoor, as sung yesterday evening by Mdle. Patti, was a grand musical event for us. Never did we hear these sublime melodies of Donizetti given with sweeter or more profound feeling. . . . The immortal master, who must so often have wished to rise from his tomb, for the purpose of silencing the *prime donne* who so barbarously mutilate his music, must have felt tempted yesterday evening to revisit the land of the living, in order to crown Mdle. Patti. In truth the Diva deserved nothing less in the duet of the first act, the quintet of the second, and, above all, in the mad scene. The melody of her voice; her invariable refinement; her skill in executing the most difficult passages; her limpid, silvery, and well-sustained shakes; and, finally, her excellent acting, caused us to pass yesterday some delicious moments, unfortunately, too fleeting—moments which raised our spirit to a purer sphere, free from cares and disappointments." The audience were as enthusiastic as the writer of the preceding lines, for they applauded Mdle. Patti to the echo, recalled her, and, literally, nearly smothered her with bouquets.

I Letter to Mr. Samiels Owl.

DEAR OWL.—For those who like strange puzzles, here is one I found some time since in a dramatic newspaper. For absolute inexplicability (a nice word that for an after-dinner speaker) it beats all to nothing what Prime Ministers will say when they mean to be mysterious:—

"WANTED, to join immediately, a GOOD LEADING CORNET PLAYER: also to play First Violin Inside."

It may seem a little strange that somebody should want to hire a player on the cornet to play the violin; but how very much more curious is the demand that he will play the latter instrument "inside"! How on earth can anybody play a violin inside? A spirit hand might play it, but where are we just now to find a spirit hand? Mr. Home no longer plays "*Home, sweet home!*" on the accordion. Since he went into Chancery his spirits have quite left him: most men find their spirits leave them when they get into that court. Since they were smashed at Liverpool, the Davenports have disclaimed connection with spirits. So I really despair of learning how to play a tune inside a fiddle; although I feel convinced that nobody without a spirit hand to help him could perform so curious a feat. Perhaps the advertiser requires the "leading cornet" to play the fiddle inside the cornet.—Yours, dear Owl,

King and Beard, July 4.

Theophilus Querc (H.D.)

BADEN.—The second Matinée for Classical Music commenced with the B flat major Symphony (the fourth), of N. W. Gade, and terminated with Beethoven's Overture in C major ("Zur Weihe des Hauses") Op. 124. Between this programmatical Alpha and ditto Omega, the band gave the introduction to Papa Haydn's *Creation*. Herr Heckmann gained a most abundant crop of laurels by the dashing manner in which he performed Bazzini's exceedingly difficult *Concertstück* for the Violin, and the feeling he infused into Schumann's "Abendlied." M. Marc de la Nux was equally successful in his performance of Beethoven's C sharp minor Pianoforte Sonata. In a word, the Matinée afforded unalloyed satisfaction to a highly discriminating and appreciative audience.—At the Musical Soirée given two days after the above Matinée, Mdle. Sophie Menter played Herr Anton Rubinstein's Pianoforte Etude on "False Notes," Herr Tausig's concert arrangement of Weber's *Invitation à la Valse*, and Liszt's *bravura* transcription of the Tarantella from *La Muette*. Herr Ferenczy sang a romance from Verdi's *Luisa Miller*; the adante from the third act of *Il Trovatore*; and Abt's song, "Gute Nacht, du mein herziges Kind!" He also took part in the grand duet from the third act of M. Gounod's *Faust*. His fair partner in the duet was Mdle. Régnauld, from Paris, who sang by herself the grand air from Hérold's *Pré-aux-Cleres*, and the waltz air from Verdi's *Traviata*. M. Horace Poussard played a Caprice for Violin on motives from Herr von Flotow's *Martha*, and Variations on two Indian motives.—The Italian operatic season will commence on the 15th August, and close on the 15th September. The manager will be Sig. B. Pollini; conductor, M. Goula, from the Italian Opera, Moscow; the chorus from London; the orchestra will consist partly of the orchestra here. The *prime donne* are Madame Désirée Artôt, Mdle. Gabrielle Krauss, Mdle. Lella Ricci, Madame Goula, Mdle. Keller, and Mdle. Schmidt; *seconde donne*: Mdles. Singer and Filomena. First tenors: Signori Perotti and Steger; second tenor: Signor Bieleto; first barytone: Signor Padilla; first bass: Signor Capponi; bass buffo: Signor Seb. Ronconi. The repertory will include *Un Ballo in Maschera*, Verdi; *Lucrezia Borgia*, Donizetti; *Otello*, Rossini; *Il Trovatore*, Verdi; *Il Barbiere*, Rossini; *Rigoletto*, Verdi; *Don Pasquale*, Donizetti; and *Faust*, Gounod.

NEW YORK.—The programme of a concert given at St. Paul's Church, Hoboken, in aid of the music funds was of unusual excellence, and was selected chiefly from the works of Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, Chopin, Sullivan, etc. The artists were Madame Clara M. Brinkerhoff, and Mr. Finlay Finlayson, vocalists;—Mr. Poznanski, violin; Mr. Thomas S. Nedham, violoncello; Miss Manzocchi and Mr. Rief, pianists. Madame Brinkerhoff's rendering of "Ah, perfido" was an intellectual treat of the highest order, and the enthusiastic applause which greeted this lady at the conclusion of Beethoven's great work testified how thoroughly it was appreciated. She gave a song from *Egmont*, "Freud voll und Leidvoll," for the encore. The violin solo of Mr. Poznanski was much admired, as was also the pianoforte playing of Miss Manzocchi. In Mr. Finlayson we have a gentleman possessing qualifications which will speedily place him in the front rank of our favourite vocalists. His voice is a baritone of splendid quality, and has evidently been carefully and judiciously cultivated. He sang Sullivan's "If doughty deeds" in a manner which obtained for him a well-merited encore. The concert was attended by a numerous and fashionable audience, and was in every way a marked success.

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